

THE HUMAN TORCH
CAPTAIN AMERICA
THE SUB MARINER

ALL

NO.
13

FALL
ISSUE

10¢

WINNERS





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NEW True-Love and Friendship Sterling Silver Pendant The Heart Design RING \$1.95

grows in attractiveness and sentiment the longer it is worn. This genuine Sterling Silver ring is extra wide and beautifully embossed with the very newest "Forget-Me-Not" design with two pendant hearts suitable for engraving initials of loved ones. The ring of romance and true friendship.

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Just name, address and ring size. Your package sent immediately and you pay postman only \$1.95 plus a few cents mailing cost and tax, on arrival. Wear 10 days on money back guarantee.

EMPIRE DIAMOND CO., Dept. 146A, Jefferson, Iowa

EMPIRE DIAMOND CO., Dept. 146A, Jefferson, Iowa

Send the extra wide band Sterling Silver "Forget-Me-Not" Design Ring. I understand I can return my order within 10 days for any reason and you will refund promptly.

Name

Address

0 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 City

Ring Size State

For Your Ring Size

Use handy ring measure at right. Tie string around finger, cut and mark off size on scale.

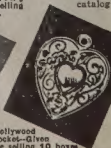
Beautiful Simulated BIRTHSTONE RING GIVEN AWAY

Also Other Valuable Gifts.

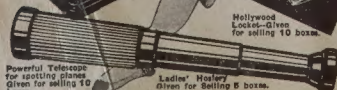
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NAME

ADDRESS

CITY STATE

Gift I would like to have you send me.

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HUMAN TORCH



WHAT HORROR LAY OVER THIS DARK
PEACEFUL CITY? WHAT TERRIBLE
SHADOW LURKED IN ITS DARK, **SMISTER**
STREETS, REAPING ITS HARVEST OF DEATH?
FOLLOW THE TORCH AND TORO, AS
THEY UNRAVEL THE SKEIN OF...

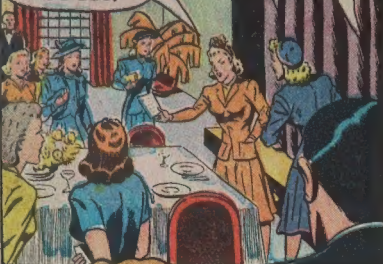
**The CASE OF
THE MASKED
STRANGLER!!!**

At A NEW YORK RECEPTION HALL, A GROUP OF GIRL WAR WORKERS WAIT THE ARRIVAL OF THEIR HOSTESS!

QUEER, ISN'T IT? WE ALL ACCEPTED INVITATIONS TO THIS AFFAIR AND NOT ONE OF US KNOW OUR HOSTESS!

AND WE ALL HOLD KEY JOBS IN WAR PLANTS! I WONDER WHO OUR HOSTESS REALLY... OH!

DEATH IF YOU DO NOT OBEY! DEATH!



THE CURTAIN ROLLS BACK TO REVEAL...

LET'S GET OUT OF HERE!

LOOK, BEHIND YOU! WE CAN'T!

YOU HOLD TRUSTED JOBS AND HAVE ACCESS TO PLANS THAT MY COUNTRY NEEDS! YOU WILL BRING THESE TO ME!



YOU REFUSE? HOW FOOLISH! BUT THE OTHERS WON'T! NOT AFTER...! BUT COME, DEAR! COME!! COME!

WHAT MAKES YOU THINK I'LL DO AS YOU SAY?

BE CAREFUL... EVA!



THIS IS WHY THEY WON'T REFUSE! HA'HA'HA! THIS IS WHY!

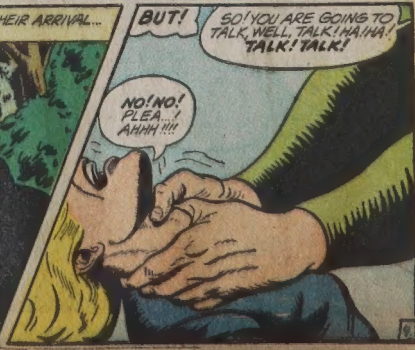
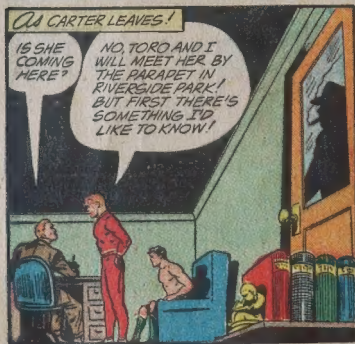
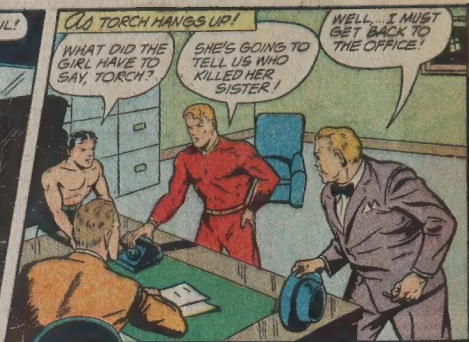
NO! NO! AHHA!

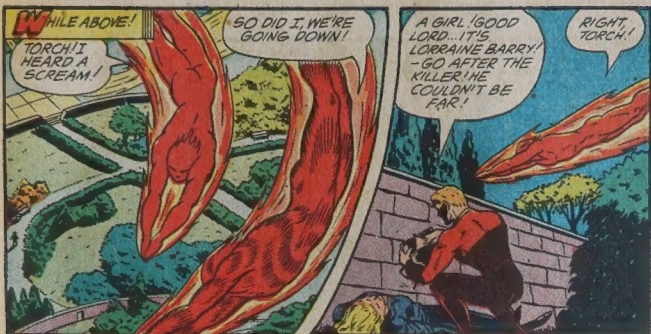
SHE'S MY SISTER! EVA! E-V-A-A-A!

BUT EVA FASCINATED BY THE GLOWING EYES AND CRUEL VOICE STEPS THRU THE CURTAIN, IT CLOSES AND!









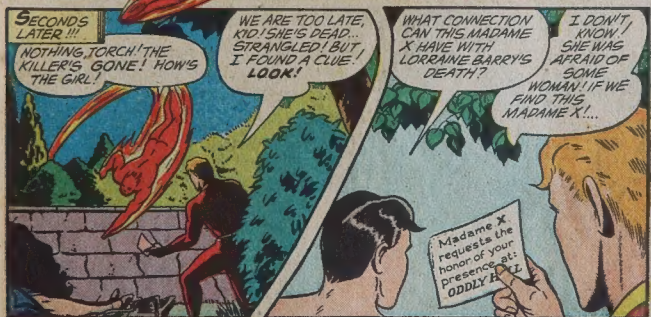
WHILE ABOVE!

TORCH! I
HEARD A
SCREAM!

SO DID I, WE'RE
GOING DOWN!

A GIRL! GOOD
LORD... IT'S
LORRAINE BARRY!
-GO AFTER THE
KILLER! HE
COULDN'T BE
FAR!

RIGHT,
TORCH!



SECONDS
LATER !!!

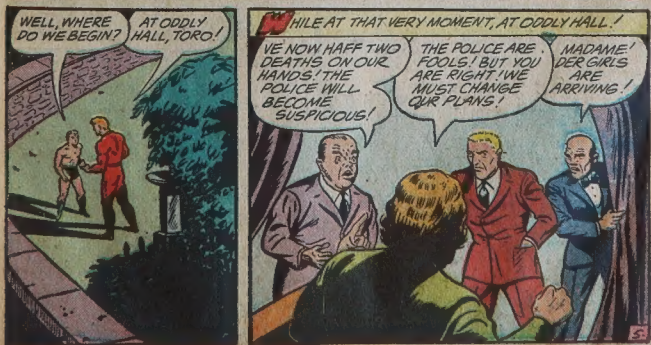
NOTHING, TORCH! THE
KILLER'S GONE! HOW'S
THE GIRL!

WE ARE TOO LATE,
KID! SHE'S DEAD...
STRANGLED! BUT,
I FOUND A CLUE!
LOOK!

WHAT CONNECTION
CAN THIS MADAME
X HAVE WITH
LORRAINE BARRY'S
DEATH?

I DON'T
KNOW!
SHE WAS
AFRAID OF
SOME
WOMAN! IF WE
FIND THIS
MADAME X!...

Madame X
requests the
honor of your
presence at:
ODDLY HALL



WELL, WHERE
DO WE BEGIN?

AT ODDLY
HALL, TORO!

WHILE AT THAT VERY MOMENT, AT ODDLY HALL!

WE NOW HAFF TWO
DEATHS ON OUR
HANDS! THE
POLICE WILL
BECOME
SUSPICIOUS!

THE POLICE ARE
FOOLS! BUT YOU
ARE RIGHT! WE
MUST CHANGE
OUR PLANS!

MADAME!
DER GIRLS
ARE
ARRIVING!



HIDE OUTSIDE!
THAT'S IT, TORCH!
-FLAMING FIREFLYS,
TWO GIRLS ARE
ABOUT TO ENTER!

HMM! C'MON,
WE'LL FOLLOW
THEM!



TORCH! WHAT
ARE WE - - -

SHH! VOICES!
GOOD! YOU HAVE
BROUGHT
THE PLANS!
-NOW I
HAVE NEWS
FOR YOU!



I'VE DECIDED TO
RELEASE YOU FROM
YOUR, ER... CONTRACTS!
WAIT!

AH!

BUT ONLY AFTER
YOU HAVE HELPED
US DESTROY THE
WAR PLANTS YOU
WORK FOR!

YOU NAZI BUTCHERS! YOU'VE
SCARED US INTO DOING
YOUR DIRTY WORK, BUT
THIS WE
WON'T DO!

NO! KILL US LIKE
YOU KILLED THE
BARRY SISTERS!
-BUT WE WON'T
DO IT!



THE REFUSAL BRINGS FORTH A
TYPICAL NAZI ANSWER!

YOU REFUSE?
-PERHAPS THIS
WILL CHANGE
YOUR MINDS!

TORCH! WHAT
ARE WE
WAITING FOR?

NOT
JUST
YET
- - -



THE BESTIAL TORTURE ONLY SERVES
TO STRENGTHEN THEIR DETERMINATION,
BUT!

THIS IS HOW WE
NAZI'S HANDLE
STUBBORN WOMEN!
YOU STILL REFUSE?

NO MATTER
WHAT YOU DO,
THE ANSWER
IS STILL YES!

WAIT!

ADAME X TRIES ANOTHER NAZI WEAPON!

YOU REFUSE? THEN YOUR LOVED ONES SHALL DIE! MY HANDS AROUND THEIR THROATS... CHOKING! CAN YOU BEAR THE THOUGHT?

NO, PLEASE, WE'LL DO IT!

THE COWED GIRLS RECEIVE THEIR INSTRUCTIONS, AND...

REMEMBER! TOMORROW NIGHT YOU WILL COME FOR LAST MINUTE INSTRUCTIONS!

NOW, TORCH?

YES, TORO NOW!

HA! HA! THOSE FOOLS THOUGHT TO DEFY ME! WHA...

YOU'RE THE FOOL!

The FLAMING FIREBALLS MAKE SHORT WORK OF THE NAZI THUGS!

THE TORCH! KILL HIM!

LET THEM HAVE IT, TORO!

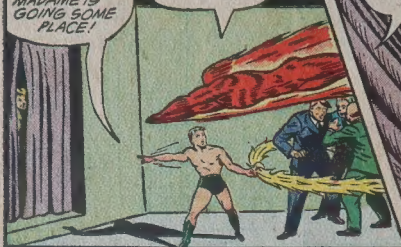
HELP! HELP! WE SURRENDER!

NAZI SUPER SKUNKS!

And WRAPPING THEM IN A
ROPE OF FLAME

HEY, TORCH! I
THINK THE
MADAME IS
GOING SOME
PLACE!

NOT WITHOUT
AN ESCORT!



FLAMING OFF, THE DUO, RACE FOR
THE CURTAIN!

AMERICAN SWINE...I
SHALL YET FULFILL
MY PLAN!

ONLY FOR
YOUR OWN
FINISH!



BUT!

UGH!

HA! HA! HA!



WHEW! WHAT
A WALLOP!

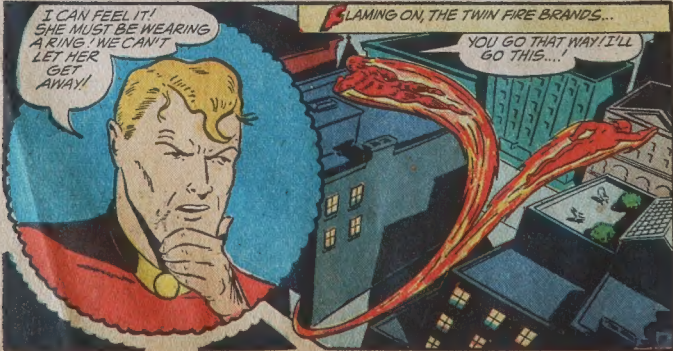
A FEMALE
GOLIATH! HEY
SHE LEFT HER
CALLING CARD
ON YOUR JAW!

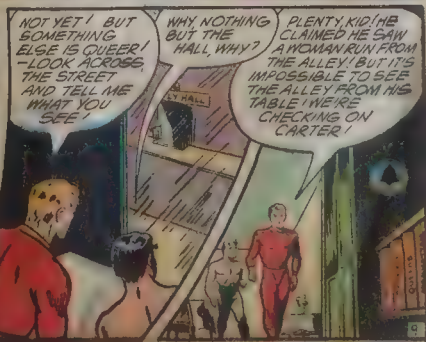
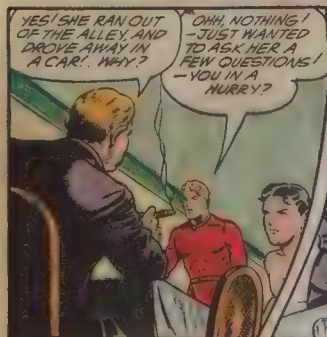
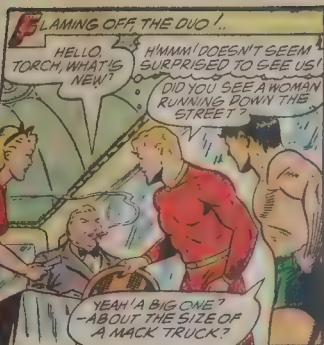


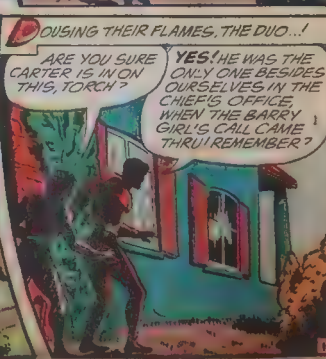
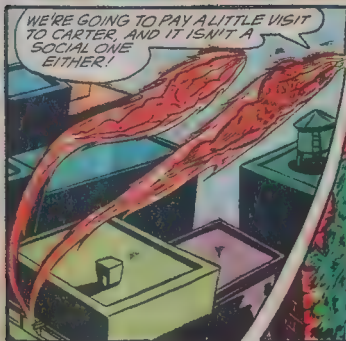
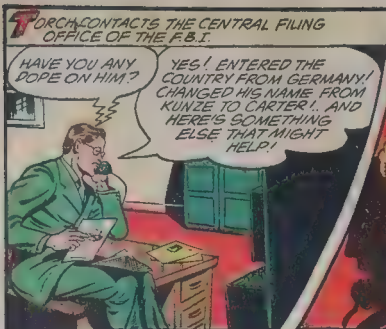
I CAN FEEL IT!
SHE MUST BE WEARING
A RING! WE CAN'T
LET HER
GET
AWAY!

FLAMING ON, THE TWIN FIRE BRANDS...

YOU GO THAT WAY! I'LL
GO THIS...!









HILE ABOVE!

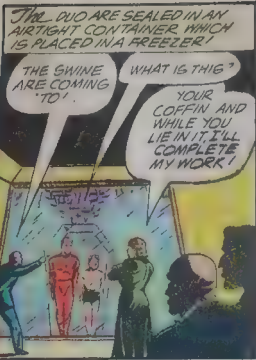
NOW!

WATCH IT!
UGH!

And!

YOU STUPID
AMERICANS!
-YOU ARE
DEALING WITH
A SUPER
RACE!

OH-H-H!

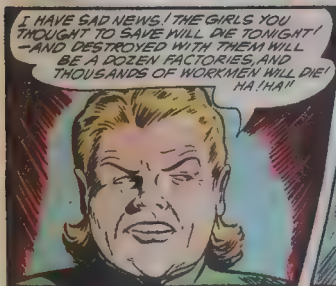


THE DUO ARE SEALED IN AN
AIRTIGHT CONTAINER WHICH
IS PLACED IN A FREEZER!

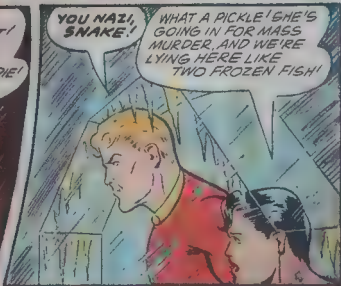
THE SWINE
ARE COMING
TO!

WHAT IS THIS?

YOUR
COFFIN AND
WHILE YOU
LIE IN IT, I'LL
COMPLETE
MY WORK!



I HAVE SAD NEWS! THE GIRLS YOU
THOUGHT TO SAVE WILL DIE TONIGHT!
-AND DESTROYED WITH THEM WILL
BE A DOZEN FACTORIES, AND
THOUSANDS OF WORKMEN WILL DIE!
HA! HA!!



YOU NAZI,
SNAKE!

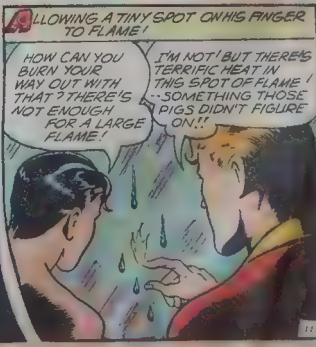
WHAT A PICKLE! SHE'S
GOING IN FOR MASS
MURDER, AND WE'RE
LYING HERE LIKE
TWO FROZEN FISH!



THE MONSTER, CERTAIN OF THE DUO'S
DEATH, LEAVES!... BUT!

I LEAVE YOU NOW!
-PLEASANT
DREAMS!

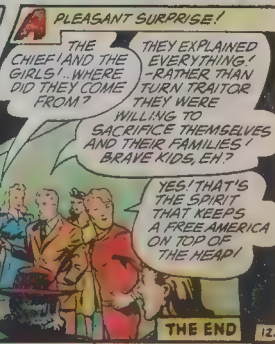
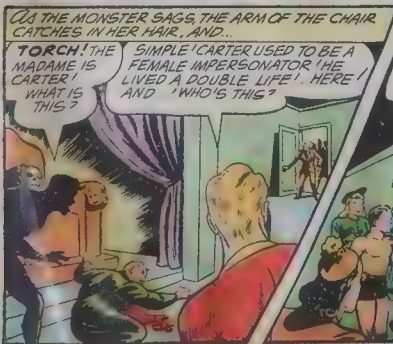
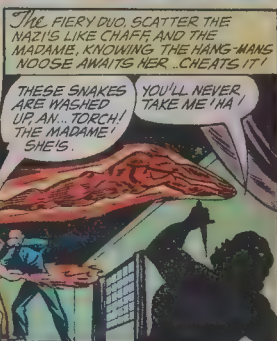
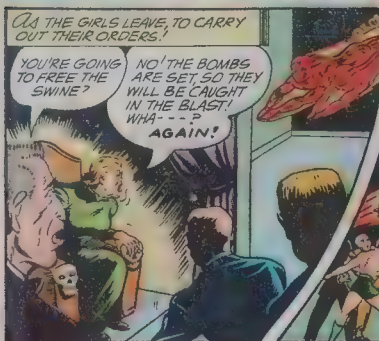
JUST TEMPORARILY!
-WHEN THIS GLASS
GETS COLD, WE'LL
CRACK IT LIKE AN
EGG! WATCH!



ALLOWING A TINY SPOT ON HIS FINGER
TO FLAME!

HOW CAN YOU
BURN YOUR
WAY OUT WITH
THAT? THERE'S
NOT ENOUGH
FOR A LARGE
FLAME!

I'M NOT! BUT THERE'S
TERRIFIC HEAT IN
THIS SPOT OF FLAME!
--SOMETHING THOSE
PIGS DIDN'T FIGURE
ON!!



CAPTAIN AMERICA

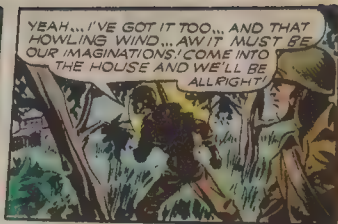


GARDENS ARE USUALLY PLACES OF PEACE AND QUIET AND BEAUTY... BUT NOT THE GARDENS IN WHICH CAPTAIN AMERICA AND BUCKY FIND THEMSELVES ONE TERRIBLE NIGHT... FOR HERE HORROR AND DEATH LURKED UNDER EVERY SHRUB AND EVERY PLANT CARRIED AN UGLY OMEN OF GRUESOME

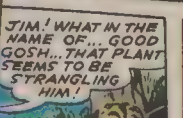
EVENTS TO COME.....CAPTAIN AMERICA AND BUCKY KNEW THAT THERE ARE MEN TO WHOM NO PLACE IS SACRED AGAINST THE MACHINATIONS OF EVIL AND BRAVED A BRAND OF HORROR... HITHER UNKNOWN TO MAN..... IN A GRIM ATTEMPT TO SOLVE THE MYSTERY OF THE GARDENS OF DOOM!

GARDENS OF DOOM






THE STRANGE
PLANT WRAPS
ITSELF AROUND
THE SOLDIER
IN A VISE LIKE
GRIP.




I CAN'T TEAR IT
AWAY!! IT'S AS IF
IT WERE HUMAN!
IT WON'T LET GO!





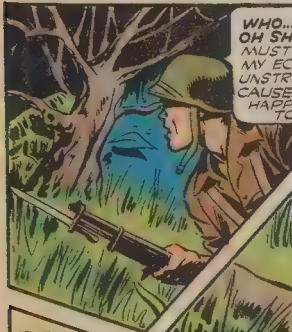
AS HE ATTACKS THE PLANT...THE OTHER SOLDIER NOTICES A STRANGE PHENOMENON!

BLOOD!
HUMAN BLOOD!
COMING FROM
THE PLANT!




YES!! BLOOD..
HUMAN BLOOD,
HA, HA, HA!

WHAT
WAS
THAT?




WHO...SAID... THAT?
OH SHUCKS! IT
MUST HAVE BEEN
MY ECHO! I'M ALL
UNSTRUNG BE-
CAUSE OF WHAT
HAPPENED
TO JIM!



THAT
TREE! IT'S
REACHING OUT
FOR ME LIKE
THAT PLANT
DID FOR JIM!

THE
LIMBS OF THE
TREE STRETCH
FORWARD AND
ENCIRCLE THE
TERRIFIED
SOLDIER...



NO! NO!
HELP, HELP!
I'M BEING
CRUSHED
TO DEATH!
HELP!

BUT WHAT IS THE
MEANING OF THIS
FANTASTIC
HORROR?
LET US TURN
THE PAGE
AND
GO BACK
LESS THAN AN
HOUR TO THE
BEGINNING OF
THIS GHASTLY
NIGHT!

ON MANEUVERS IN THE COUNTRY, STEVE, BUCKY AND TWO BUDDIES FIND THEMSELVES SEPARATED FROM THE REST OF THEIR OUTFIT....

WELL, YOU CAN'T SAY
IT WAS A BAD IDEA, TRYING
TO CAPTURE A WHOLE COMPANY
OF THE
BLUE
ARMY!

SURE, THE COLONEL
WOULD HAVE KISSED US
FOR IT! THE ONLY TROUBLE
WAS THE BLUE ARMY WASN'T
EVEN HERE!

THAT'S NOT ALL,
NOW WE'RE
CUT OFF FROM
OUR OUTFIT!

AND ME,
WITH ONLY
ONE CAN
OF C
RATION!

I THINK WE OUGHT
TO PUT UP IN THAT
HOUSE DOWN YONDER
FOR THE NIGHT!

IT WILL BE
WARMER THAN
IT IS OUT HERE!

THAT MAY BE ALLRIGHT FOR YOU
BOYS BUT SERGEANT DUFFY HAS
AN UNCOMFORTABLE WAY OF NOT
BELIEVING US WHEN WE TELL HIM
WE WERE IN A JAM! I THINK BUCKY
AND I WILL MAKE A STAB AT SLIP-
PING THROUGH THE BLUE ARMY'S
CAMP!

THE BLUES WILL TAKE
YOU PRISONER AND
DUFFY WILL LIKE YOU
EVEN LESS! DON'T
SAY I DIDN'T WARN YOU!

WE'LL TAKE
A CHANCE!

WE CAN'T
CHANGE OUR
HANDS NOW!

WOW!
WHAT A WIND!
I'M BEG NNING TO THINK
DAVE AND JIM HAD
THE RIGHT IDEA!

A FEW
MOMENTS
LATER...

AS THE SOUND OF THE ROARING WIND GROWS...IT SEEMS TO CARRY A CRY OF AGONY WITH IT!

STEVE! SOUNDS LIKE A CRY OF PAIN!

AGHHH
WHOOO

WHAT A FOOL I WAS! TOO LATE TO HELP EITHER OF THEM BY NOW, I SHOULD HAVE LISTENED TO YOU!

NEVER MIND THE POST MORTEMES! THERE'S STILL PLENTY OF WORK TO DO JUDGING FROM THOSE CRIES FOR HELP!



AGAIN THE WIND ROARS AND THIS TIME THE HUMAN SHRIEK IS CLEARER...

WHOOOO
WHOOO

GET IT THIS TIME STEVE!

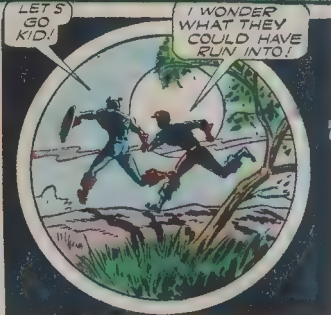
HELP! I'M BEING CRUSHED HELP!

BUCKY YOU'RE RIGHT! IT'S DAVE'S VOICE TOO!



LET'S GO KID!

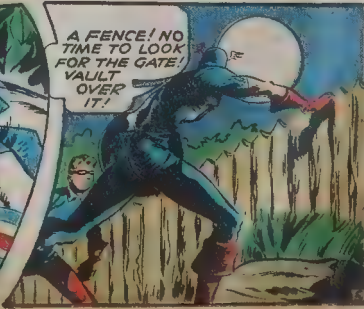
I WONDER WHAT THEY COULD HAVE RUN INTO!

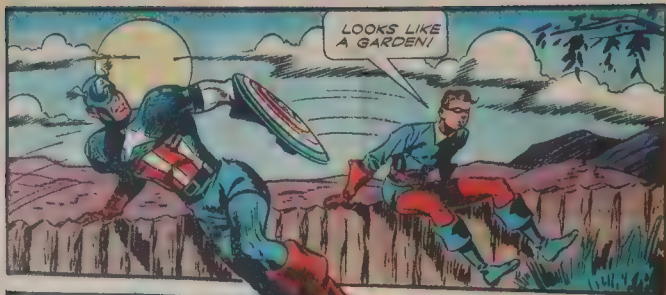


THE CRIES CAME FROM THIS DIRECTION!



A FENCE! NO TIME TO LOOK FOR THE GATE! VAULT OVER IT!



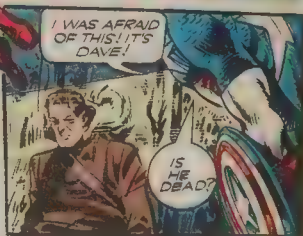


LOOKS LIKE
A GARDEN!



I CAN'T SEE
MUCH! GOT
YOUR FLASH-
LIGHT, BUCKY?

SURE
THING!



I WAS AFRAID
OF THIS! IT'S
DAVE!

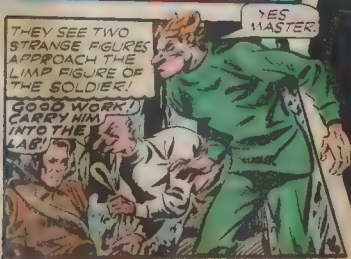
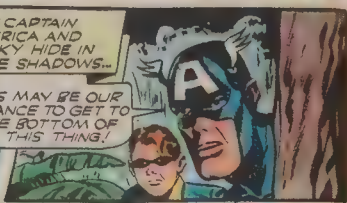
IS
HE
DEAD?



TURN OFF
THAT LIGHT!
I HEAR
SOMEONE
COMING!

...AS CAPTAIN
AMERICA AND
BUCKY HIDE IN
THE SHADOWS...

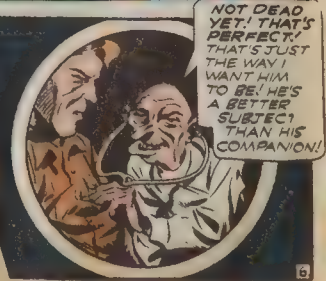
THIS MAY BE OUR
CHANCE TO GET TO
THE BOTTOM OF
THIS THING!



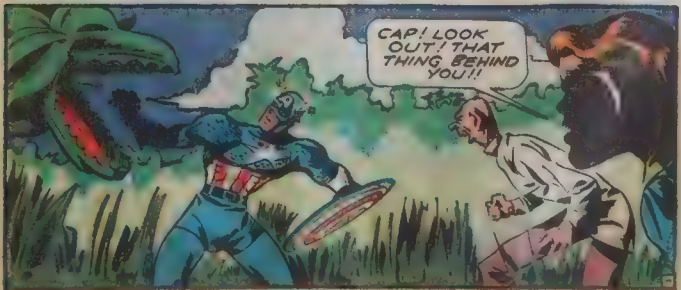
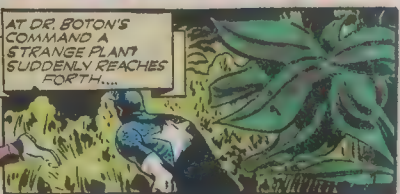
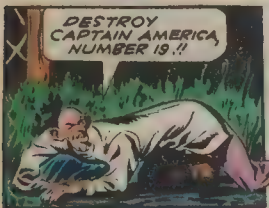
THEY SEE TWO
STRANGE FIGURES
APPROACH THE
LIMP FIGURE OF
THE SOLDIER!

GOOD WORK!
CARRY HIM
INTO THE
LAB!

YES
MASTER.



NOT DEAD
YET! THAT'S
PERFECT!
THAT'S JUST
THE WAY I
WANT HIM
TO BE! HE'S
A BETTER
SUBJECT
THAN HIS
COMPANION!



BUT CAPTAIN AMERICA IS WARNED
TOO LATE.....

WHAT IN!

OH-H-H!

PULL HARD
CAP! TRY TO
BREAK THE
THING LOOSE!

SEIZE THE
BOY NUM-
BER 12!

OH
NO
YOU
DON'T!

I'LL
HAVE
SOME-
THING TO
SAY ABOUT
THIS TOO!

GOSH!
I CAN'T
HURT
HIM!

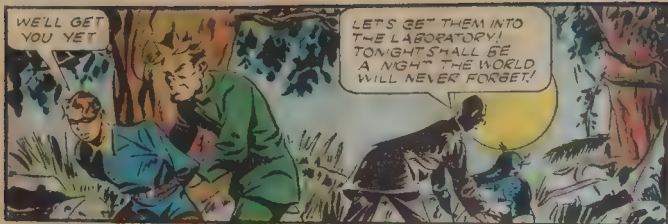
GOOD NUMBER
TWELVE! MERELY
SEE THAT HE
DOES NOT
MOVE!

AT DR. BOTON'S COMMAND...THE PLANT
DROPS CAPTAIN
AMERICA.....

TONIGHT I
SHALL PER-
FORM THE
GREATEST
EXPERIM-
ENT OF MY
CAREER!

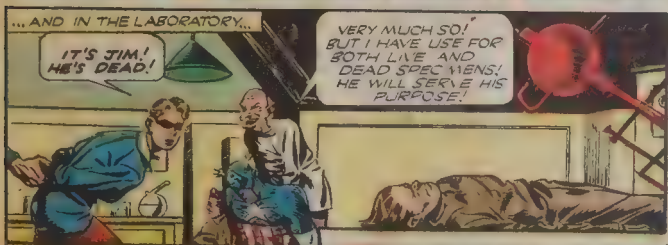
ENOUGH
NO. 19...CAP-
TAIN AMERICA
IS OF MORE
USE TO
ME
ALIVE!

THIS IS
LIKE A
NIGHT-
MARE!



WE'LL GET YOU YET

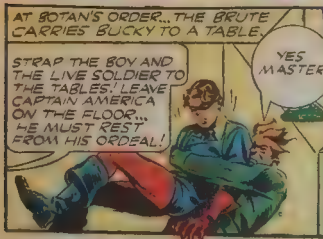
LET'S GET THEM INTO THE LABORATORY! TONIGHT SHALL BE A NIGHT THE WORLD WILL NEVER FORGET!



... AND IN THE LABORATORY...

IT'S JIM! HE'S DEAD!

VERY MUCH SO! BUT I HAVE USE FOR BOTH LIVE AND DEAD SPECIMENS! HE WILL SERVE HIS PURPOSE!



AT BOTAN'S ORDER... THE BRUTE CARRIES BUCKY TO A TABLE.

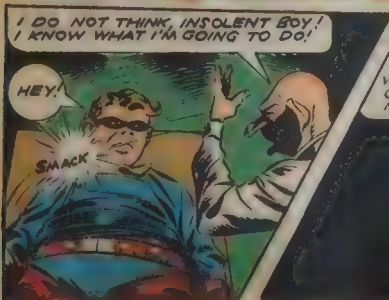
STRAP THE BOY AND THE LIVE SOLDIER TO THE TABLES! LEAVE CAPTAIN AMERICA ON THE FLOOR... HE MUST REST FROM HIS ORDEAL!

YES MASTER!



I AM ABOUT TO ACCOMPLISH GREAT THINGS.... YOU MY "LAD" SHALL BE FIRST!

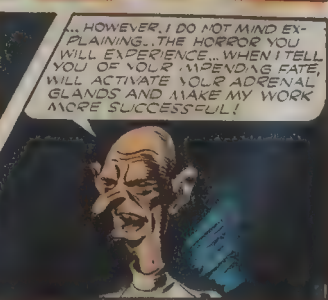
WHAT DO YOU THINK YOU'RE GOING TO DO!



I DO NOT THINK, INSOLENT BOY! I KNOW WHAT I'M GOING TO DO!

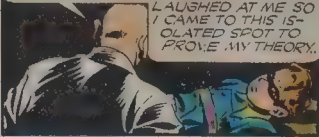
HEY!

SMACK



... HOWEVER, I DO NOT MIND EXPLAINING... THE HORROR YOU WILL EXPERIENCE... WHEN I TELL YOU OF YOUR IMPENDING FATE, WILL ACTIVATE YOUR ADRENAL GLANDS AND MAKE MY WORK MORE SUCCESSFUL!

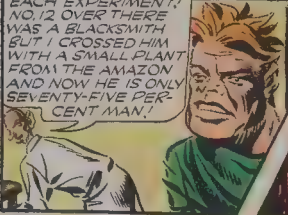
...MANY YEARS AGO I ANNOUNCED THAT I COULD CROSS PLANT AND ANIMAL AND MAKE A CREATURE... HALF PLANT AND HALF ANIMAL... FELLOWS SCIENTISTS LAUGHED AT ME SO I CAME TO THIS ISOLATED SPOT TO PROVE MY THEORY.



...HEH HEH... SO PEOPLE BEGAN TO DISAPPEAR MYSTERIOUSLY! PEOPLE WHO HAD WANDERED TO MY GARDEN! I MADE A MAN AND A PLANT INTO A CREATURE KNOWN AS THE VENUS FLY TRAP... WHICH ALMOST SWALLOWED CAPTAIN AMERICA!

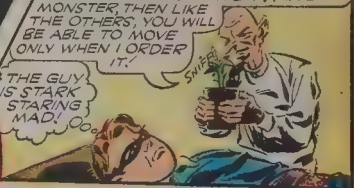


EACH OF MY SUBJECTS WAS GIVEN A NUMBER INSTEAD OF A NAME AFTER EACH EXPERIMENT! NO. 12 OVER THERE WAS A BLACKSMITH BUT I CROSSED HIM WITH A SMALL PLANT FROM THE AMAZON AND NOW HE IS ONLY SEVENTY-FIVE PERCENT MAN!



NOW, MY YOUNG FRIEND, YOU SHALL BE CROSSED WITH THIS TENDER PLANT! YOU ARE STRONG AND SHOULD DEVELOP INTO A FINE MONSTER, THEN LIKE THE OTHERS, YOU WILL BE ABLE TO MOVE ONLY WHEN I ORDER IT!

THE GUY IS STARK STARING MAD!

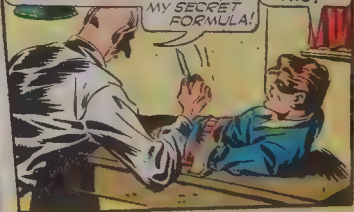


LET US PROCEED! FIRST I CUT THE STEM OF THE PLANT... THERE!



NOW! I SHALL OPEN A VEIN IN YOUR ARM! IT REALLY IS QUITE SIMPLE ONCE I SET UP THE TRANSFUSION TUBE AND MY SECRET FORMULA!

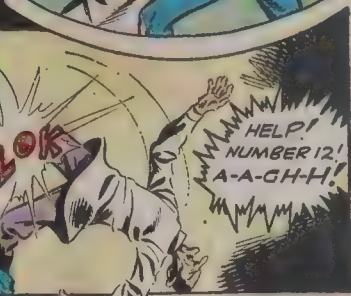
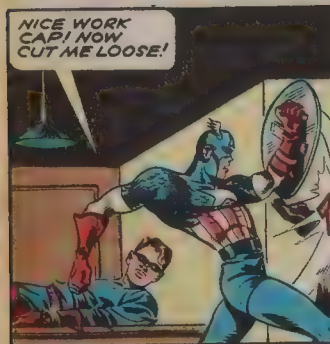
YOU'LL HANG FOR THIS!



AS DR. BOTAN WORKS HE FORGETS ABOUT CAPTAIN AMERICA WHOSE AMAZING POWERS ARE REVIVING HIM SOONER THAN EXPECTED!



WHERE AM I? WHAT GOES ON HERE?



THE SOLDIER DAVE, WHO IS STRAPPED TO ANOTHER TABLE IS FREED.

HE'S COMING TO, I THINK!

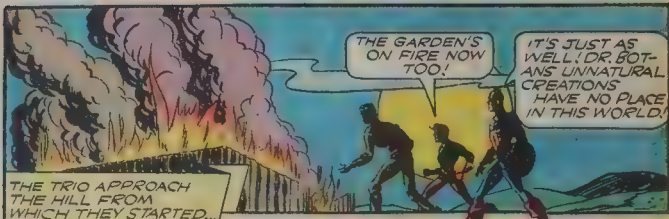
WHERE AM I?

ATTA BOY SOLDIER!

CAPTAIN AMERICA, BUCKY AND THE SOLDIER RUSH OUT OF OF THE BUILDING JUST AS THE FLAZE TURNS INTO A ROARING INFERNO!

WHERE'S JIM?

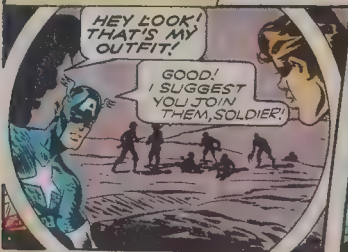
I'M AFRAID WE WERE TOO LATE TO SAVE HIM!



THE GARDEN'S ON FIRE NOW TOO!

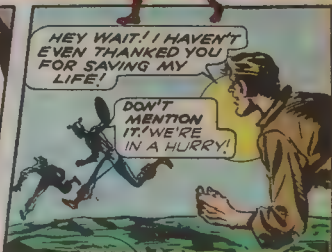
IT'S JUST AS WELL! DR. BOT-ANS' UNNATURAL CREATIONS HAVE NO PLACE IN THIS WORLD!

THE TRIO APPROACH THE HILL FROM WHICH THEY STARTED...



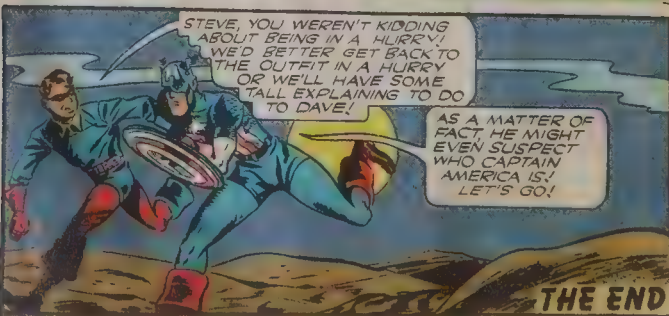
HEY LOOK! THAT'S MY OUTFIT!

GOOD! I SUGGEST YOU JOIN THEM, SOLDIER!



HEY WAIT! I HAVEN'T EVEN THANKED YOU FOR SAVING MY LIFE!

DON'T MENTION IT! WE'RE IN A HURRY!



STEVE, YOU WEREN'T KIDDING ABOUT BEING IN A HURRY! WE'D BETTER GET BACK TO THE OUTFIT IN A HURRY OR WE'LL HAVE SOME TALL EXPLAINING TO DO TO DAVE!

AS A MATTER OF FACT, HE MIGHT EVEN SUSPECT WHO CAPTAIN AMERICA IS! LET'S GO!

THE END

HOOFS OF DOOM

LON CHAMBERS sat up quickly, instantly alert. He flung the horse blanket off his wide shoulders. A sense of danger drew his nerves as taut as fence wire.

Beyond the flimsy board partition that screened the harness room from the livery-stable office, Lon had been awakened by a voice speaking his name in anger.

He had been dreaming when the warning note of danger penetrated his sleep—reliving the day just past: a hard day on the trail from his snow-bound horse ranch in the foot-hills. He had seen again the stoic trapper with the broken leg; the big bob-sled team floundering helplessly in the soft drifts; the time when he'd turned back; then the bright idea had come—using his half-wild mustang herd to break trail for the sled-team. All day in freezing cold the tough mustangs had plodded doggedly ahead. At sundown they had reached the Trail City settlement and a doctor. The injured trapper was given immediate attention.

Lon had intended to spend the night with a rancher friend a mile out of town, but he had flopped onto a pile of horse blankets for a short nap.

The conversation was being resumed in a louder tone. Lon listened intently.

An arrogant voice chuckled:

"Old man Chambers'll bust a hamstring when he hears I got away with his son's horses. These broomies'll save my job. The boss wired: 'Send a couple car-loads, or else . . .'"

"You're a fool, Berger!" another man cut in. "The boy's around—he won't let you get away with it. They say he's tough when riled."

Berger muttered curses.

"I've handled tough guys before," he growled,

"and helped bury 'em. I carry a gun for business, not for decoration."

ANGER surged through Lon's veins. He stood up, wishing he had the gun he had left with his saddle.

"It's a cinch," Berger was explaining. "I bought the Chambers' horse brand, which entitled me to all the horses I could round up on his range this month. But I hung around town too long. Now the boss has me on the spot. I'll grab these two carloads of CH nags and save my job. Neat—what?"

"There's a catch somewhere," said Berger's partner. "The boy's broomies aren't off the old man's range, even if they do still have the CH brand."

"Who cares?" Berger snorted. "The kid's probably sleepin'. The sheriff's out at his ranch, feedin' his cows. Nobody'll get wise until the cars are loaded and rollin'. The freight's due in right away. The Mex' section crew cleared the stock-pen siding and spotted two stock cars. Let's start loadin' the willow-tails!"

Lon stepped around the partition. He stopped before Berger, stared steadily at the squat, red-faced horse buyer.

"I reckon you won't be loadin' my horses, Berger," he said coolly. "I'm goin' to run you buzzards out of town. Your business smells."

Berger's face grew purple. His pudgy hand pawed toward the bulge in his coat.

LON lunged at him, shoving aside the scrawny-looking partner, who had been standing silently to one side. Lon slugged Berger against the wall, held him there as they wrestled for the gun.

Out of the corner of his eye Lon saw the scrawny man grab the iron stove poker. He ducked a terrific swing of the rod, but the next one caught him above the ear. He saw a herd

of stars stampede in his head, then slumped to the floor. . . .

A wailing cry reverberated across the snow. It penetrated the log-walled building of Trail City. Lon heard it through the dull pain in his head. Coyotes, he thought, and realized instantly that it was not coyotes but the weekly freight train struggling up the snow-packed grade north of Trail City.

He tried to think clearly, to shake the stupor that was like a bewildering blizzard. He attempted to move and knew he was bound with rope. A dirty cloth was fastened across his mouth. As he lay on the horse blankets behind the partition, he wondered when the livery-stable attendant would be through feeding the stable horses.

LON tried to yell, but the strip of grain sack was tight across his mouth. He flexed his muscles against the rope; but it, too, was tied effectively. He heard crunching footsteps pass on the icy boardwalk out front. From the direction of the stock-yards, came the hiss of steam from the engine, awaiting departure from Trail City.

Lon had spoken up against his father on the horse deal with Berger. He hadn't liked the horse-buyer, who had a reputation of cruelty to animals and crooked dealing in business. There was a lot of feeling in the country against selling the scrubby, wild range horses to buyers who shipped them east to glue factories, tankage plants and processors of dog and fish food. The thought of his ponies' being used for such a purpose caused Lon to strain his bruised wrists against the rope.

His horse ranch was his great ambition. He loved horses. He had purchased a full-blooded Morgan stallion. The crossing of Morgan and mustang blood should produce hardy saddle stock for the booming dude ranch trade.

Lon could hear the engine switching on the siding. They might be loading the horses now!

He twisted his arms with all his strength, ignoring the sharp pain it caused. The rope slackened and in a few minutes he had worked one hand free. Then he unfastened his legs, but for a while he could hardly stand

THE gun was gone from the saddle where he had left it. He went out on the snow-packed street. The orange-colored engine headlight shone through the clear, bluish light from the moon.

There was no time to lose. He struck out for the stock-pens. For a moment he forgot he was

unarmed — that Berger and his partner were desperate men. He knew only that in some way he must save his horses.

White clouds of steam were drifting over the settlement. A brakeman's lantern blinked red signals to the engineer. There was commotion at the stock-loading chute.

Lon grabbed a pine-limb club off the section foreman's wood-pile. Cold anger blinded him to the danger of Berger's gun.

Before him was the whitewashed stock-yard fence. The high gate was like a hangman's gibbet against the star-studded sky. Within the enclosure the mustangs were milling wildly around. Hoofs clattered and pounded up the loading-chute runway. On a plank stood a man prodding at the frightened horses.

LON swung his club. The man pitched down into the snow.

Then Lon saw the shadow of Berger's squat body. The horse-buyer was crouching behind him, the muzzle touching Lon's coat.

Lon whirled, swinging the club at Berger's head. His catlike blow deflected Berger's gun arm and sent the wild shot thudding into a post.

The gunman leaped back from Lon's club. The gun arm rose again. Lon was against the gate post, bracing himself to leap forward. Then a sickening realization came to him that he was too far from Berger now, and this time the bullet wouldn't miss.

The milling horses, now frantic, slammed against the fence, surged against the gate. Moonlight outlined the gun steel.

Lon's fingers touched the cold iron gate-hook. He jerked up on the crooked iron. The gate swung out. Mustangs plunged through the opening like water through a burst dam. Berger tried to lunge away.

WHEN the horses had gone, Lon turned away from the battered body in the hoof-packed snow. Berger would buy no more horses for hog feed or the black market in horse meat.

The next morning, when Lon hazed his horses back along the trail to his Sand Creek ranch, he paused once to read again the paper the sheriff had found in Berger's clothes. It was the bill of sale for the CH horse brand. Lon tore it into tiny bits and let the wind scatter the white shreds over the snow.

He would put his own brand on the horses when he got home, as he should have done when he bought the horses from his father.

THE END

SUB-MARINER



THE RATS OF GANGLAND
PLAY AT A NEW GAME... A
VICIOUS RACKET, DEADLY TO
THE HOME FRONT WAR EFFORT...
UNTIL THAT ACE CRIME-FIGHTER,
THE MIGHTY SEA-PRINCE,
SUBMARINER, STEPS IN TO
SMASH THIS

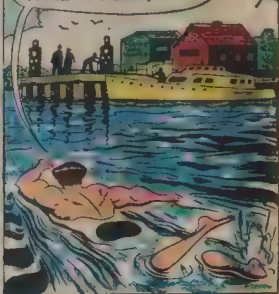
WATERFRONT TERROR!

SUBMARINER, ON A BUSMAN'S HOLIDAY, IS SWIMMING IN LONG ISLAND SOUND, WHEN...

A LOT OF PRIVATE PLEASURE YACHTS ARE OUT. THEY MUST HAVE PLENTY OF GAS... I WONDER HOW?...



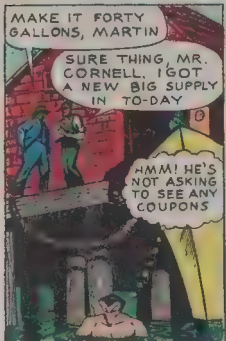
THERE'S ONE STOPPING FOR SOME NOW... I'LL TAKE A LOOK!



MAKE IT FORTY GALLONS, MARTIN

SURE THING, MR. CORNELL. I GOT A NEW BIG SUPPLY IN TO-DAY

HMM! HE'S NOT ASKING TO SEE ANY COUPONS



-- AT 50 CENTS GALLON... THAT'LL BE 20. DOLLARS

O.K. FELLER

HE'S JACKING UP PRICES TOO... SOMETHING FISHY... I'LL TALK TO THAT BIRD!



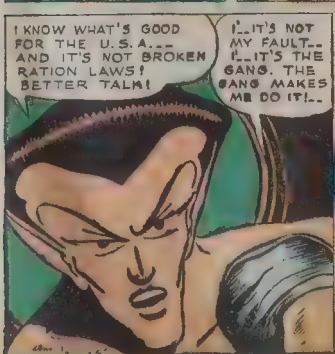
HOW COME YOU GET SO MUCH GAS AND SELL IT WITHOUT RATION COUPONS?

SCRAM BUD! AND MIND YOUR OWN BUSINESS, IF YOU KNOW A THING OR TWO!...



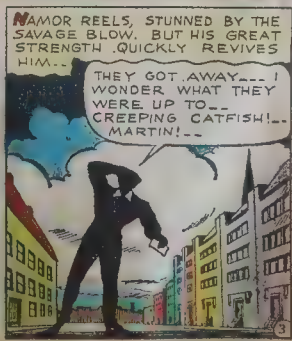
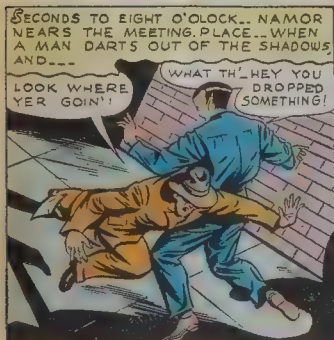
I KNOW WHAT'S GOOD FOR THE U.S.A. -- AND IT'S NOT BROKEN RATION LAWS! BETTER TALK!

I... IT'S NOT MY FAULT... I... IT'S THE GANG. THE GANG MAKES ME DO IT!...



-- THEY COVER THE GAS STATIONS AND FORCE US TO BUY GAS FROM THEM... AND AT THEIR PRICES, OR ELSE! BUT I HAVE TO LISTEN TO THEM. WHAT CAN I DO?





THE PRINCE SPEEDS TO THE EMPTY LOT
AND FINDS... THE BRUTALLY BATTERED
BODY OF MARTINI!

POOR MARTINI... THAT FLEEING
SKUNK DID IT... WONDER WHAT'S
IN THAT ENVELOPE HE DROPPED?



GAS RATION BOOKS...
THE F.B.I. WILL BE
VERY INTERESTED
IN SEEING THESE!



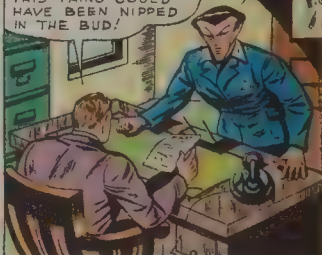
AT F.B.I. FIELD OFFICE, AN HOUR
LATER...!

THE BOOKS ARE CLEVER
COUNTERFEITS. THAT
GANG MUST HAVE TURNED
OUT THOUSANDS OF THEM...
IMAGINE ALL THE GAS
THEY BOUGHT FROM REFIN-
ERIES AND ARE FORCING
STATION OWNERS TO BUY..



THOSE OWNERS SHOULD
REPORT THEIR DEALINGS
TO US IF THEY HAD
FROM THE START...
THIS THING COULD
HAVE BEEN NIPPED
IN THE BUD!

THEY'RE
AFRAID...



FEAR IS A GANGSTER WEAPON.
HITLER USED IT, TOO...
FRIGHTENING LITTLE
PEOPLE TO DO HIS
BID... PEOPLE MUST
NOT BE BULLIED...
SAY, I'VE GOT AN... IT'S
IDEA! YOUR CASE,
SUBMARINER!



SOON AFTER, NAMOR
VISITS BETTY DEAN

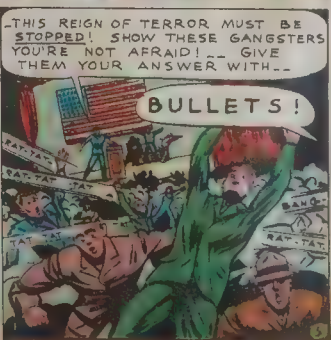
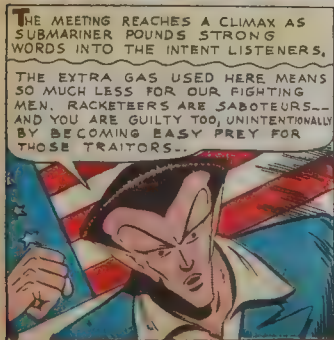
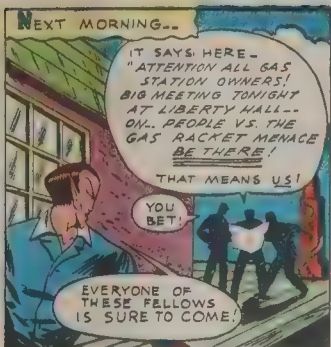
-- AND COULD YOUR
PAPER ANNOUNCE
A BIG MEETING
FOR GAS STATION
OWNERS?

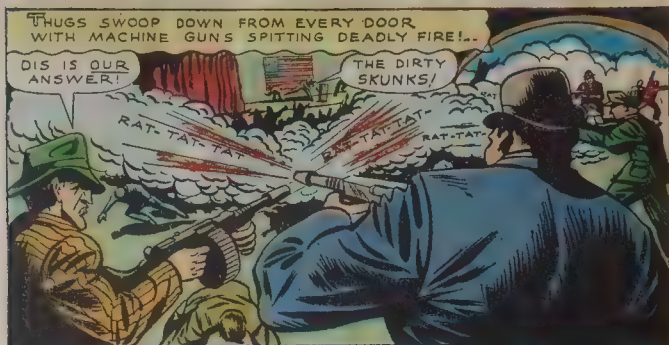
IT SOUNDS
SWELL I'LL
SEE WHAT
THE BOSS
SAYS...



-- MR SCHLICK, PRES.DENT
OF THE CITIZEN'S
LEAGUE, IS IN THERE
WITH HIM. MAYBE MR.
SCHLICK WILL LIKE THE IDEA.
HE'S ALWAYS INTERESTED
IN SMASHING RACKETS!







WHERE'S THE HIDEOUT
FOR YOUR GANG?...
TALK AND TALK FAST,
OR I'LL ---

DON'T KILL ME!
I'LL TELL YA!
IT'S AN OLD INN...
CALLED, "THE GREEN
LANTERN... ON THE
WATERFRONT



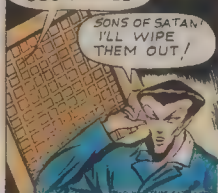
IN DOUBLE-QUICK
TIME

THERE IT IS... NOW
TO SURPRISE THOSE
WATER-RATS...



HE SWIFTLY ENTERS
THE INN, AND ---

PRINT ANOTHER 1,000
BOOKS OF RATION
COUPONS. WE'LL GET
ENOUGH GAS TO
SPREAD OUR RACKET
ALL OVER THE
COUNTRY...



SONS OF SATAN!
I'LL WIPE
THEM OUT!

IN THE NEXT ROOM...

WE GOT EVERYTHING
SOWN UP. DE ONLY
RUB IS SUBMARINER
POKING HIS NOSE
INTO TINGS...

THAT'S OUR NEXT
STEP... TO GET
HIM OUT OF THE WAY!

BOY! OH! BOY.
AIN'T WE GONNA
BE RICH!...

DESE FAKE COUPONS DO
LOOK REAL AS ANYTH'G



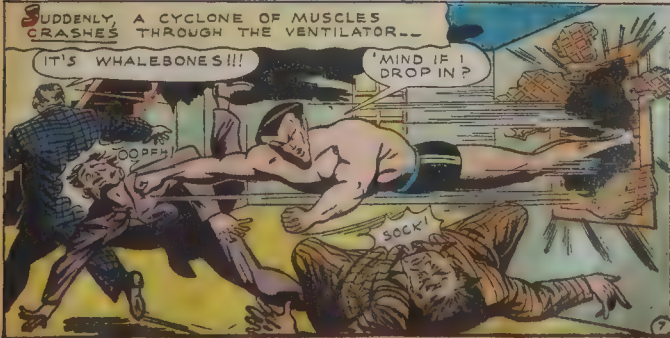
SUDDENLY, A CYCLONE OF MUSCLES
CRASHES THROUGH THE VENTILATOR...

IT'S WHALEBONES!!!

'MIND IF I
DROP IN?

OOPFH!

SOCK!



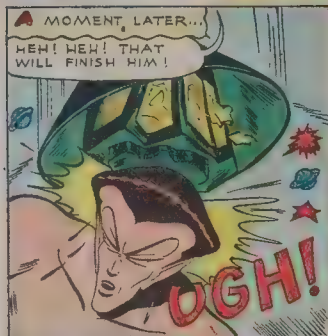


THIS WILL MAKE AN IMPRESSION ON YOU!



BUT AS NAMOR'S MIGHTY FISTS SLAM SLEDGE HAMMER BLOWS, OTHER HANDS ARE BUSY ELSEWHERE!

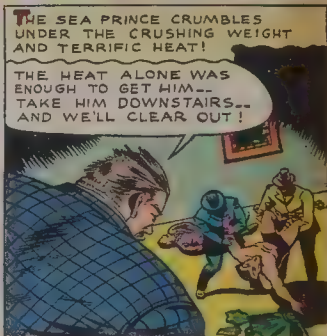
I'LL LOOSEN THIS KNOB, AND--



A MOMENT LATER...

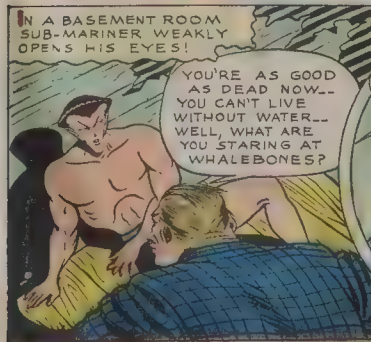
HEH! HEH! THAT WILL FINISH HIM!

UGH!



THE SEA PRINCE CRUMBLES UNDER THE CRUSHING WEIGHT AND TERRIFIC HEAT!

THE HEAT ALONE WAS ENOUGH TO GET HIM-- TAKE HIM DOWNSTAIRS-- AND WE'LL CLEAR OUT!



IN A BASEMENT ROOM SUB-MARINER WEAKLY OPENS HIS EYES!

YOU'RE AS GOOD AS DEAD NOW-- YOU CAN'T LIVE WITHOUT WATER-- WELL, WHAT ARE YOU STARING AT WHALEBONES?



FOR THE FIRST TIME NAMOR SEES HIS TAUNTING CAPTOR!

YOU-- SCHLICK!--THE CHIEF RACKETEER? OF ALL THE HYPOCRITES--

SAVE YOUR BREATH, YOU'LL NEED IT--

THE LAUNCH IS READY, BOSS!

SOON AFTER THE MASSIVE STEEL
DOOR LOCKS ON THE WEAKENING
SUBMARINER --

WATER... IF I ONLY
HAD WATER...
THEY'VE GONE...!
MUST TRY TO GET
UP...

PUTT...
PUTT... PUTT...
PUTT... PUTT...

MUSTERING EVERY OUNCE OF HIS
LAST REMAINING STRENGTH,
NAMOR REACHES THE WINDOW,
AND --

I... I CAN'T... MAKE...
IT... I CAN'T...

BUT AS HE LIES BEATEN, HE
FEELS A SUDDEN MOISTURE
ON THE FLOOR --

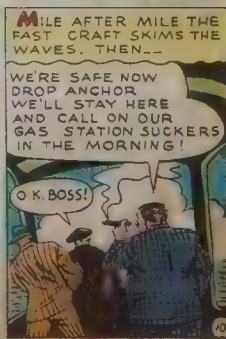
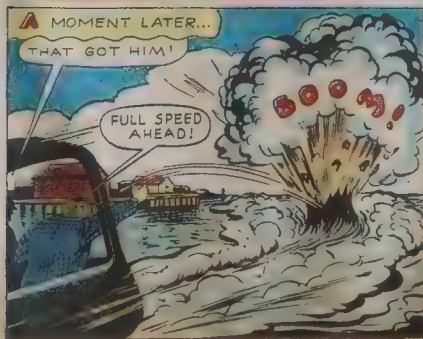
WATER!!! IT'S SEEPING IN...
THIS WALL FACES THE WATER-
FRONT... AND THIS ROOM IS
PARTLY... UNDER-WATER!!

SCOOPING UP HANDFULL AFTER
HANDFULL OF THE PRECIOUS
LIQUID --

MY STRENGTH'S
COME BACK,
NOW TO GET OUT
OF HERE --

AND GET ON
THE TRAIL OF
THAT GANG!

THERE'S TOO MUCH
TRAFFIC ON THE
OTHER SIDE... MORE
LIKELY THEY'D GO
THIS WAY...



AS THE ANCHOR IS LOWERED--

THOSE BIRDS WON'T BE CROWING LONG. I STAYED UNDER WATER, LET THEM THINK I WAS DEAD... JUST TO GIVE THEM A BIG SURPRISE... AND... HERE... GOES--



LEAPING ON THE LAUNCH, THE HIGH-POWERED PRINCE HURLS A THUNDERBOLT!

ANCHORS AWAY--

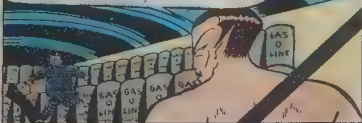


NOW FOR SCHLICK... OH! THERE HE GOES!



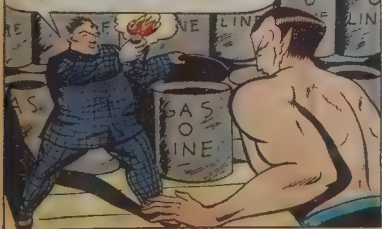
SCHLICK DASHES BELOW INTO A STORAGE ROOM, SUBMARINER IN HOT PURSUIT!

BLIND ALLEY, SCHLICK!... BETTER GIVE UP, OR DO I...?

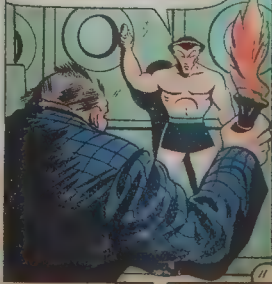


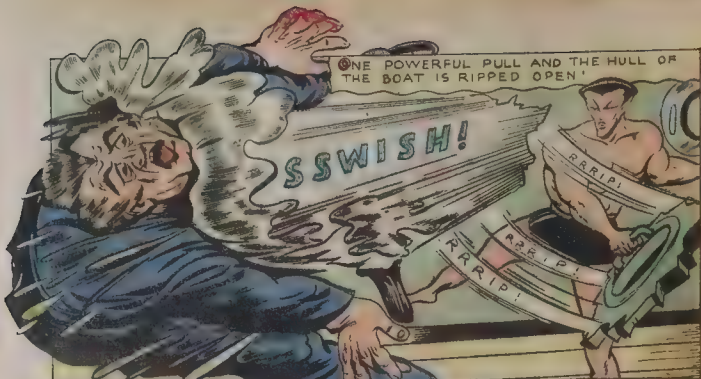
AS NAMOR SPRINGS FORWARD, SCHLICK SUDDENLY WHIRLS AROUND--

DON'T TOUCH ME! ONE MOVE AND I'LL HURL THIS TORCH INTO THE BARRELS OF GAS... THAT WILL BE THE END OF EVERYTHING!



ALL RIGHT, YOU WIN THIS ROUND, SCHLICK. I'LL LET YOU--GO!





ONE POWERFUL PULL AND THE HULL OF THE BOAT IS RIPPED OPEN!

SSWISH!

RRIP!

RRIP!

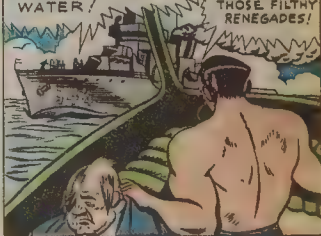
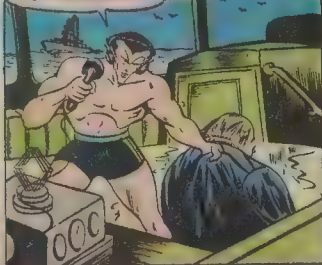
RRIP!

YOUR RADIO HASN'T GONE UNDER YET---I'VE GOT A LITTLE CALL TO MAKE---

SOON AFTERWARD

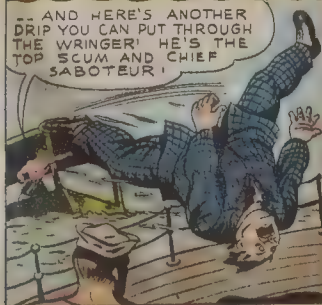
AHOY! SUBMARINER! WE GOT YOUR MESSAGE AND PICKED UP THIS VERMIN IN THE WATER!

THE F.B.I. WOULD LIKE TO QUESTION THOSE FILTHY RENEGADES!



WHILE THE LAUNCH SINKS FAST--

-- AND HERE'S ANOTHER DRIP YOU CAN PUT THROUGH THE WRINGER! HE'S THE TOP SCUM AND CHIEF SABOTEUR!



NOW, TO FINISH MY SWIM-- SEE YOU AGAIN, FOLKS! SO LONG!



MISS **TEEN-AGE GIRLS!!!** Enter the

America[★] MAGAZINE Contest!!

\$10000 in Cash Prizes

ANYONE CAN WIN!

Thrilling news... The Publisher of CAPTAIN AMERICA, MARVEL COMICS, THE HUMAN TORCH, TERRY TOONS, SUBMARINER, and many, many other exciting magazines, including the glamorous SCREEN STARS, is making magazine history with his newest, most important publication—MISS AMERICA.

Girls, DON'T MISS the MOST WONDERFUL MAGAZINE ever to hit the news-stands; it is a magazine FOR GIRLS ONLY—teen-age girls. It is the magazine you have been waiting for, longing for.

WHAT ARE SOME OF THE FEATURES IN MISS AMERICA? HOLD YOUR BREATH!

COMICS!

BEAUTY!

MOVIES!

FASHIONS!

SPORTS!

AND MANY OTHER UP-TO-THE-MINUTE ARTICLES OF VITAL INTEREST TO TEEN-AGE GIRLS.

A word to the boys... Show this ad to your sister...

DON'T miss MISS AMERICA. She will help you become lovely, suggest ways to improve your personality, help you to overcome self-consciousness, tell you how to have fun at parties, what to serve; MISS AMERICA will make you CHUCKLE, make you THINK... MISS AMERICA and her brilliant staff of writers will help you solve your problems...

Just think—COMICS, FICTION, FASHIONS, FUN, MOVIES, GLAMOR, etc., featured in ONE MAGAZINE.

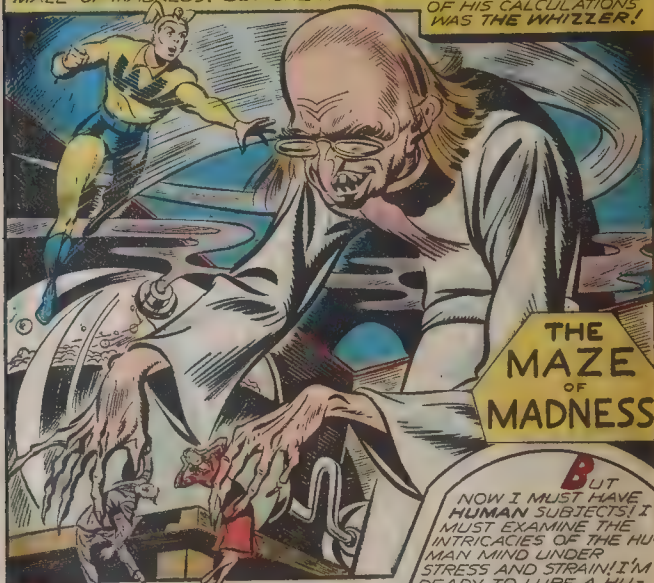
AND—in addition—MISS AMERICA is offering \$1,000 in CASH PRIZES! For details of this unusual contest, BE SURE TO GET THE NOVEMBER ISSUE OF MISS AMERICA on sale beginning September 10th. Don't miss this opportunity to WIN CASH and ENJOY THE UTMOST in MAGAZINE ENTERTAINMENT...



The

WHIZZER

HOW MUCH CAN THE HUMAN MIND STAND? AT WHAT POINT DOES IT BREAK DOWN WHEN FACED WITH INSOLUBLE PROBLEMS? SUCH WAS THE RESEARCH OF DR. KROOL AND HIS FRIGHTFUL MAZE OF MADNESS! BUT ONE THING THE MAD GENIUS LEFT OUT OF HIS CALCULATIONS WAS THE WHIZZER!



THE MAZE OF MADNESS

IN HIS LONELY MOUNTAIN-SIDE LABORATORY, DR. LAR'S KROOL COMPLETES A SERIES OF RE-SEARCHES AND LOOKS FOR NEW WORLDS TO CONQUER!

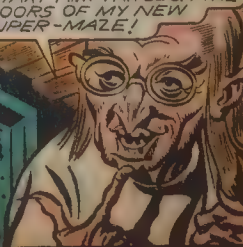
I'VE MADE ALL THE MENTAL TESTS POSSIBLE OF RATS IN A MAZE, AND I'VE FOUND OUT HOW TO DRIVE THEIR LITTLE MINDS MAD!

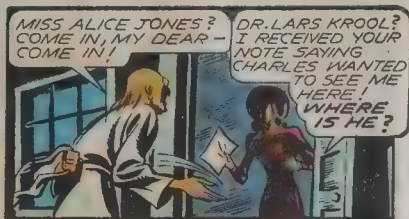
BUT NOW I MUST HAVE HUMAN SUBJECTS! I MUST EXAMINE THE INTRICACIES OF THE HUMAN MIND UNDER STRESS AND STRAIN! I'M READY TO LURE A HUMAN BEING HERE-- AND START HIM THROUGH THE DOORS OF MY NEW SUPER-MAZE!



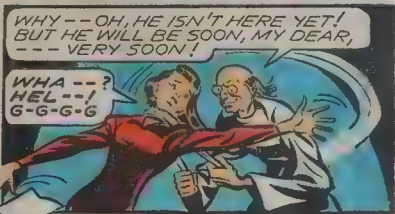
TEST

MAZE DOOR 2

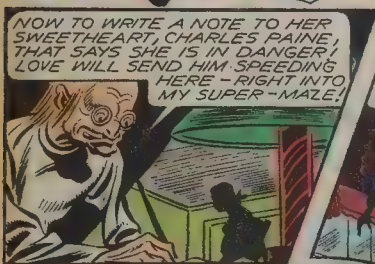




DR. LARS KROOL?
I RECEIVED YOUR
NOTE SAYING
CHARLES WANTED
TO SEE ME
HERE!
WHERE
IS HE?



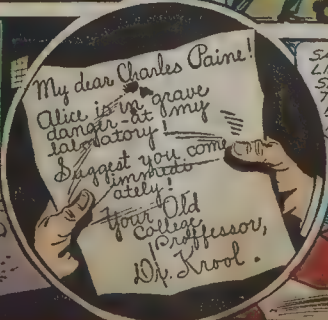
WHA --?
HEL --!
G-G-G-G



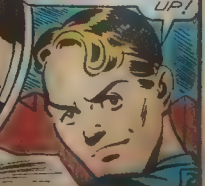
LATER -- AS JACK ROBINSON WALKS DOWN A STREET IN THE CITY ...



OH! PARDON ME!
I'M IN A TERRIBLE
RUSH! I CAN'T EX-
PLAIN!



SAY, THIS SOUNDS
LIKE SOMETHING
SHADY TO ME! I
THINK THE WHIZZ-
ER HAD BETTER
FOLLOW CHARLES
UP!



SO THAT'S THE LABORATORY!
EERIE LOOKING PLACE! AND
THE QUESTION IS---SHALL
I BARGE RIGHT IN?

NO, WAIT!
I'LL LET CHARLES
GO IN FIRST, SO THAT
IF DR. KROOL IS UP
TO SOMETHING LIKE
I FIGURE, HE'LL
TIP HIS HAND!

MEANWHILE--THE YOUNG LOVER ENTERS

ALICE! WHERE IS SHE?
WHAT DANGER IS SHE
IN? QUICK---
TELL ME!

AH, THE
IMPATIENCE OF
YOUTH!

THAT DOOR, CHARLES!
ALICE IS BEHIND!

THE YOUNG FOOL
BLUNDERED RIGHT
INTO MY MAZE OF
MADNESS! NOW TO
GO AND OBSERVE
THROUGH MY PEEP-
HOLES---AS HE
RUNS INTO THE
VARIOUS TRAPS!

I DON'T
KNOW
WHAT'S
HAPPENED--
BUT IF YOU'VE
HARMED A
HAIR OF HER HEAD--

WHA---? THIS IS A
TUNNEL! ALICE
WHERE ARE YOU?
HERE'S ANOTHER
DOOR!

BUT--
BEYOND
THE
DOOR..

A--A TREAD-MILL!
(PUFF! PANT!)
BUT WHAT THE---?
(PUFF! PANT!)

**FASTER, CHARLES ---
FASTER! YOU'LL NEVER
REACH ALICE THAT
WAY! HA-A-A-A!**

**BUT AS THE MAD LAUGHTER RINGS
THROUGH THE MAZE OF MADNESS
WHIZZER HEARS AND ENTERS...**

HA, HA! HAAAA!

**SOMEBODY SEEMS
TO BE FINDING
SOMETHING AW-
FULLY, AWFULLY
FUNNY!**

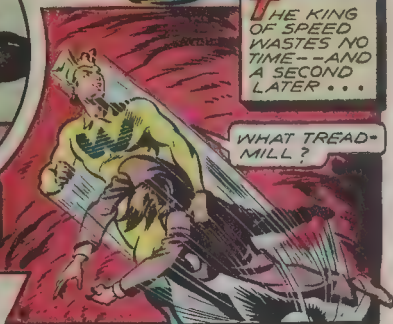
**WHAT? THE WHIZZER?
ALL RIGHT, IDIOT! YOU CAN
RUN YOUR HEART OUT ON
THE TREAD-MILL TOO!**



**HE DASHES INTO THE
SECOND DOOR, ONTO
THE TREAD-MILL...**

**THE KING
OF SPEED
WASTES NO
TIME--AND
A SECOND
LATER...**

**WHAT TREAD-
MILL?**



**ALL RIGHT, WHIZZER, YOU
WIN THAT ROUND! BUT I
DARE YOU TO TRY THE
NEXT DOOR! EVEN
YOUR GREAT SPEED
WILL BE USELESS
THERE!**

**STAY HERE,
CHARLES! LET
ME CRACK THIS
NUT OPEN!**

**ALICE IS
AHEAD
SOME-
WHERE!**

**WELL, WHIZZER,
GET GOING! WHAT'S
HOLDING YOU BACK?**

**BUT THE NEXT
PASSAGE WAY IS
FILLED WITH THICK
GUMMY TAR--AND
EVEN THE TWINKLING
FEET OF THE WORLDS
FASTEST MAN ARE
STOPPED....**

**BUT
THIS
OUGHT
TO
WORK!**

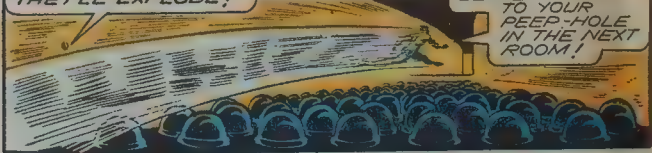
**BLAST
YOU
YOU'RE
CLEVER!
BUT, BY
HEAVEN
MY NEXT
TRAP
WILL
STOP YOU!**

**UGH! CAN'T
MOVE MY FEET!
IT'S LIKE A
NIGHT-
MARE!**



EASY NOW, WHIZZER! DON'T STEP ON AN EGG! THEY HAPPEN TO BE MINE'S! ONE TOUCH OF YOUR FOOT AND - - - - THEY'LL EXPLODE!

OH, COME, I'M LONG SINCE PAST THEM, DR. KROOL! BETTER HURRY TO YOUR PEEP-HOLE IN THE NEXT ROOM!

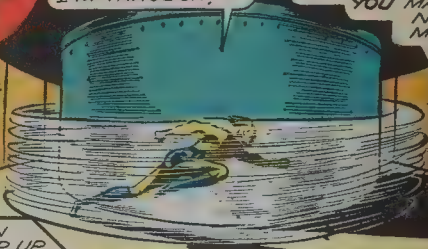


ALL RIGHT, BRIGHT BOY! THIS CIRCULAR PASSAGE HAS A DOOR OUT - - - BUT IT ONLY OPERATES BY PHOTO ELECTRIC BEAM! AFTER YOU HAVE RUN AROUND ONE MILLION TIMES! IT'LL TAKE EVEN YOU HOURS!

999,998--999,999-1,000,000! THERE I'M THROUGH!

CURSES! THIS MAZE IS SUPPOSED TO DRIVE YOU MAD - NOT ME!

BUT ONLY SECONDS LATER..

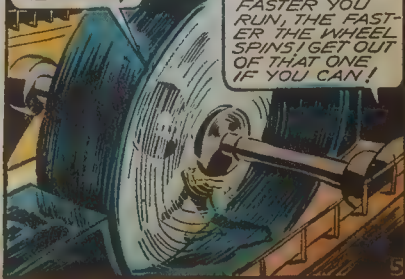


(PUFF!) I CAN HARDLY KEEP UP WITH THAT BLASTED SPEED - DEMON! (PUFF!) BUT ONE OF MY TRAPS WILL STOP HIM! IT MUST! (PUFF!)

WHIZZER PASSES INTO THE NEXT TEST...

OH, OH! A SQUIRREL CAGE!

YES--AND YOU'RE THE SQUIRREL! THE FASTER YOU RUN, THE FASTER THE WHEEL SPINS! GET OUT OF THAT ONE IF YOU CAN!



THE SQUIRREL CAGE WAS NEVER DESIGNED TO HOLD UP UNDER THE TERRIFIC SPEED AT WHICH WHIZZER MOVES...



SURE! I'LL SPIN IT SO FAST IT'LL FLY APART! SEE?

TWO MORE DOORS? WHAT'S BEHIND THEM?

BEHIND ONE IS ALICE! BUT BEHIND THE OTHER IS A RAGING FAMISHED TIGER! NOW YOU FIGURE OUT WHICH DOOR IS OPEN!

THE TIGER OR THE LADY



THE FINAL DOOR, EH? THE END OF YOUR MAZE --- AND JUST WHEN I WAS HAVING FUN!

CURSE THE WHIZZER! WHAT LIES BEYOND THIS FINAL DOOR WILL TURN EVEN YOU INTO A BABB-LING IDIOT!



EVEN WHIZZER HAS TO PAUSE TO PONDER THIS PERILOUS SITUATION.

IS ALICE BEHIND THE LEFT DOOR - OR THE RIGHT?

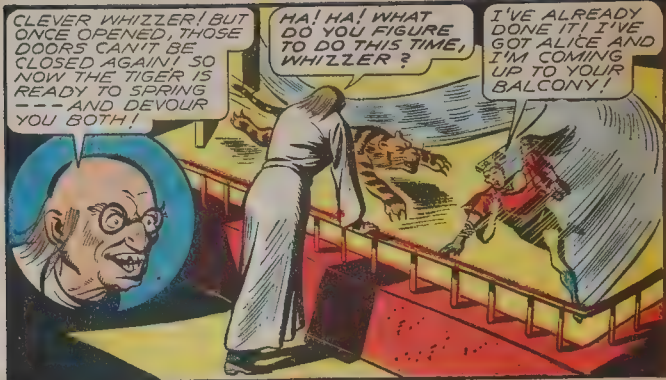
BUT -- WHIZZER DOES A STRANGE THING..

I'VE GOT IT! I'LL OPEN BOTH DOORS AT ONCE!



THE TIGER AT THE LEFT! ALICE AT THE RIGHT!

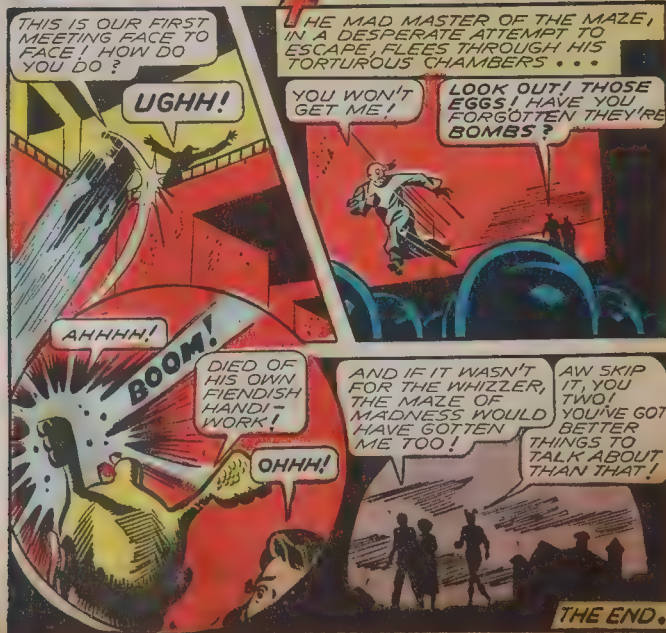




CLEVER WHIZZER! BUT
ONCE OPENED, THOSE
DOORS CAN'T BE
CLOSED AGAIN! SO
NOW THE TIGER IS
READY TO SPRING
--- AND DEVOUR
YOU BOTH!

HA! HA! WHAT
DO YOU FIGURE
TO DO THIS TIME,
WHIZZER?

I'VE ALREADY
DONE IT! I'VE
GOT ALICE AND
I'M COMING
UP TO YOUR
BALCONY!



THIS IS OUR FIRST
MEETING FACE TO
FACE! HOW DO
YOU DO?

UGHH!

THE MAD MASTER OF THE MAZE,
IN A DESPERATE ATTEMPT TO
ESCAPE, FLEES THROUGH HIS
TORTUROUS CHAMBERS...

YOU WON'T
GET ME!

LOOK OUT! THOSE
EGGS! HAVE YOU
FORGOTTEN THEY'RE
BOMBS?

AHHHH!

BOOM!

DIED OF
HIS OWN
FIENDISH
HANDI-
WORK!

OHHH!

AND IF IT WASN'T
FOR THE WHIZZER,
THE MAZE OF
MADNESS WOULD
HAVE GOTTEN
ME TOO!

AW SKIP
IT, YOU
TWO!
YOU'VE GOT
BETTER
THINGS TO
TALK ABOUT
THAN THAT!

THE END.

URGENT!

SENTINELS OF LIBERTY!

A VITAL MESSAGE from CAPTAIN AMERICA!



HELLO, KIDS!

YOU'RE IN THIS WAR EVEN THOUGH YOU DON'T CARRY A GUN, RIDE A TANK, A JEEP, OR PILOT A PLANE! YOU CAN DO YOUR PART IN WINNING THIS WAR BY JOINING THE WASTE PAPER DRIVE!

GATHER THE KIDS IN YOUR BLOCK... MAKE A HOUSE-TO-HOUSE CANVASS FOR PAPER... ANY OLD PAPER, MAGAZINES, BOXES, STORE BAGS, ENVELOPES, NEWS-PAPERS, CORRUGATED PAPER!

PAPER IS A WEAPON OF WAR! A MIGHTY WEAPON! EVERY GUN, BULLET... EVERY PIECE OF AMMUNITION USED TO SMASH THE UNHOLY JAPS AND NAZIS IS SHIPPED IN PAPER CONTAINERS! U.S. ARMY FIELD RATION "K" IS PACKED IN FOLDING CARTONS! AND MANY MANY OTHER THINGS, TOO! TO MAKE NEW PAPER WE MUST HAVE THE OLD! TO DAY PAPER IS NEEDED MORE THAN EVER! WAR CAUSES SHORTAGES... THERE IS A SHORTAGE OF PAPER... TO AN ALARMING DEGREE! SO... GET IN TOUCH WITH YOUR NEAREST LOCAL SALVAGE COMMITTEE, AND ASK THEM HOW YOU AND YOUR CHUMS CAN CONTRIBUTE TO THE WAR EFFORT...

DO IT NOW... THIS MINUTE!

BUCKY SHOWS YOU HOW TO PACK THIS PRECIOUS PAPER BEFORE TURNING IT OVER TO THE SALVAGE COMMITTEE!

THANKS, KIDS!

HOW TO SAVE
YOUR PAPER
FOR EASY
HANDLING!

NEWSPAPERS...

FOLD THEM FLAT AND TIE THEM IN BUNDLES ABOUT 12 INCHES HIGH!



MAGAZINES...

TIE THEM IN BUNDLES ABOUT 18 INCHES HIGH!



CARDBOARD BOXES AND CARTONS...

FLATTEN THEM OUT AND TIE THEM IN BUNDLES ABOUT 12 INCHES HIGH!



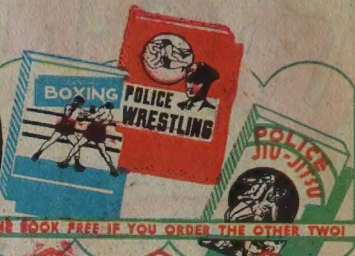
WASTEBASKET PAPER, WRAPPERS, ENVELOPES, ETC.!

PACK DOWN IN A BOX OR BAG SO THAT IT CAN BE CARRIED!



FREE

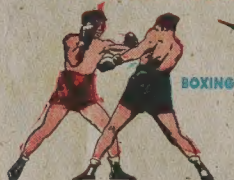
with this offer!



ONE BOOK FREE IF YOU ORDER THE OTHER TWO!

BE the MASTER —

not the SLAVE—LEARN THIS EASY, QUICK WAY TO DEFEND YOURSELF IN ANY SITUATION... ANYWHERE!



BOXING



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all 3 books ONLY \$1.00!

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Scientific Boxing,
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JIU-JITSU
As taught to
Marines, "G" men, etc.

HERE'S every science of self-defense, and lethal attack, known to man, strapped up into one red-blooded package. Here's the man knowledge that will give you a weapon to overcome any enemy, no matter how small you are or how big he is. This new fact-motivated system will make you tough—or it doesn't cost you a cent. You don't need muscles! You don't have to be big! You just have to know how!

In every dynamite-packed page of these sensational book form instructions, experts teach you through pictures and stories our new method. How you can K.O. your enemy with one clean scientific wallop! How to master him with punching, bruising, wrestling holds! How to use his strength to destroy himself through deadly bone-crushing Jiu-Jitsu.

Now forget the word fear! Never again cringe or shy away from a scrap. Enjoy the wonderful feeling of confidence that will come when you know that you're nobody's slave, and that nobody can push you around. Think of the respect that others will have for you, and the safety they'll feel being with you, when they find out what a rough, tough, scrapping, deadly efficient hellion you can be.

You will learn quickly and easily through our amazing new "slow-motion picture" method. You will learn every stance, every hold, every grip as portrayed by our experts. It's just like getting personal instruction in the privacy of your own home. And what's more, you don't pay the price of personal instruction. The experts who prepared these instructions want every red-blooded American to know how to defend himself. They wanted to make a "big man" of every small one. So the price of these books was made so low that everyone could afford to own them. Yes, you can't afford to be without them.

We want you to have all three books. We want you to be able to defend yourself against any attacker, no matter how he holds. Therefore, if you buy any two books, we will give you the third book absolutely FREE.

SEND NO MONEY — RUSH COUPON NOW!

Make us prove our claims. Send no money, just fill in the coupon. When the postman delivers your package, deposit only \$1.00 plus small postage and C.O.D. charges with him. If you are not completely convinced after five days, return the books and your money will be refunded in full. Remember, you buy only two books. We give you the third absolutely FREE. Don't wait until trouble strikes. Prepare NOW under yours TODAY!

PICKWICK CO.
Dept. 6010, 73 West 44th St.
New York 18, N. Y.

Rush a copy of ☐ Scientific Boxing—50c ☐ Police Jiu-Jitsu—50c
☐ Police Wrestling—50c
(If you check two books, we will send you the third FREE.)
☐ Please send all 3 books C.O.D. I will pay postman \$1.50.
☐ Enclosed find \$_____. Please send the books all charges prepaid.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY & ZONE _____ STATE _____

It is understood that if I am not satisfied I can return the books within 5 days for immediate refund of full purchase price.

PICKWICK CO., DEPT. 6010 73 W. 44th ST., NEW YORK 18, N. Y.

SEE
DISTANT
SIGHTS!



BEACHES



SEA AND SKY



SPECIAL TELESCOPE OFFER!

Here is the most remarkable offer that we have ever made. Now you can see most everything you want to see! Now you can bring distant objects so clearly close to your eye that they will seem almost near enough to touch. Why feel frustrated and baffled by something far away that you want to see in full detail. Why be limited in your vision when you can multiply it 13 to 15 times with the amazing super-powered lenses in this GIANT telescope. Quickly overcome the handicap of distance. . . the magnification does it like magic. This new telescopic invention is a miracle of mass production economy and engineering ingenuity. Made of available war-time materials, it is the equal in performance of telescopes that sell for as much as \$15.00. Think of the wonderful fun you can have by extending your vision 30 miles in full, clear detail. Read on for full explanation of this really remarkable invention.

LARGE
PRECISION-
GROUND,
OPTICAL
LENSES

**THIS GIANT, 30-MILE-RANGE, 4-FOOT
SUPER-TELESCOPE** with **SUPER-POWER**

**NOW—SEE GREAT OR
SHORT DISTANCES—with
CLOSE-UP DETAIL!**

brings distant objects close to your eyes!

and **this FREE** CARRYING CASE!



This beautiful, military-looking carrying case is yours absolutely FREE with this offer. It is made of heavy canvas that fits over the telescope, making it easy to carry, and protects it from dust, dirt and rain. It fastens at the top by a draw-string, and can be secured easily and comfortably around your wrist. Carrying case is absolutely FREE with this offer so send the coupon today.

The GIANT SUPER-TELESCOPE has several precision-ground highly polished lenses. It extends to 4 feet in length, giving clear focus. It is light in weight, sturdily and handsomely constructed, with a wide magnification field. You don't have to know anything about telescopes to use it. Simply hold it to your eye, extend barrel, and all the wonders of scientific vision will be close up to your eyes. Because of mass production economies, we offer this telescope at an unbelievably low price. See birds, ball games, sporting events, beauties on the beach, ships and planes, in full detail. See people when they cannot see you. See wild life, mountains, the heavens in their full natural beautiful detail. The price of the GIANT SUPER-POWERED TELESCOPE is \$2.98 with this introductory offer. Most telescopes of this lens construction and size sell up to \$15.00. We cannot assure you that the supply will last so you must act fast!



BIRDS



BALLGAMES



SPORTS



THE HEAVENS

5 DAYS FREE TRIAL— RUSH COUPON

Just send coupon with \$3.00 and we send you your GIANT TELESCOPE and FREE CARRYING CASE postage paid. If you prefer, just send coupon with no money and we will send you yours C.O.D. at \$2.98 plus new C.O.D. and postage charges. Use your telescope for 5 days and if you do not agree it is the most remarkable, return and your purchase price will be refunded. Act now. Send coupon today!

INVENTION COMPANY, Dept. T-910
P.O. Box 281, Church Street Annex
New York 8, N. Y.

- ☐ I am enclosing \$3.00. Send me TELESCOPE and FREE CARRYING CASE immediately. You pay postage. I can return in 5 days for full refund if I am not completely satisfied.
- ☐ Send C.O.D. I will pay postman \$2.98 plus new C.O.D. and postage charges on arrival. (Same money back guarantee as above).

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ADDRESS

CITY & ZONE

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ENERGY

WHEN YOU NEED IT!



Jeep or boat? The U.S. Amphibian Jeep is both! This versatile little vehicle, called a "duck," traverses land and water with equal efficiency... ready with energy wherever needed!

Baby Ruth

HELPS REPLENISH NEEDED ENERGY

When our body motor runs low and fatigue sets in, Baby Ruth Candy is ideal "perk-up" fuel...its food-energy helps to carry a job through to the finish! Baby Ruth has followed through from civilian life to Front Lines. To our fighters everywhere, Baby Ruth is bringing dextrose-rich nourishment...refreshing goodness...good cheer. Remember this, please, if you must ask again tomorrow for the Baby Ruth you would have enjoyed today!

CURTISS CANDY COMPANY • Producers of Fine Foods • CHICAGO 13, ILLINOIS



Uummm... Baby Ruth Cookies are delicious... easy-to-make!

RECIPE ON EVERY WRAPPER

If you cannot find Baby Ruth in the candy counter, remember Uncle Sam's needs come first with us as with you.



★ ★ ★ BUY U. S. WAR BONDS AND STAMPS ★ ★ ★